The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Amen.

It is over. What is over?
Nay, now much is over truly!
Harvest days we toiled to sow for,
Now the sheaves are gathered newly,
Now the wheat is garnered duly.

It is finished. What is finished?
Much is finished known or unknown;
Lives are finished; time diminished;
Was the fallow field left unsown?
Will these buds be always unblown?

It suffices. What suffices?
All suffices reckoned rightly:
Spring shall blossom where now the ice is,
Roses make the bramble sightly
And the quickening sun shine brightly,
And the latter wind blow lightly,
And my garden teem with spices.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

Echo.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheek and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

To Our Readers.

With the present number, which is considerably enlarged, we propose completing the tenth volume, in order that we may begin a new series in January, 1903. Some inconvenience has been experienced in the past by churches localising the *Seed Sower* from the fact that the new volume always began in March. In every way it will fit in better with other arrangements if the *Seed Sower* volume begins with January. Subscriptions received for the year will, of course, run on as usual, and any sacrifice involved will be ours and not our readers. We hope to maintain the *Seed Sower* at the same high level of ability and interest it has reached in the past. We have received promises of help from the same efficient band of contributors. The new features introduced this year, "Guild News," "News from the Field," and "Notes and Jottings," having proved of great interest, will be continued. Our aim is to provide for our churches and families a thoroughly good magazine, which, while dealing with those aspects of Religion which are common to every Christian community, will make a special point of the topics, questions, and news which are of more immediate interest to our own group of Free Churches. We appeal to our readers to help us in making the *Seed Sower* more widely known. Will not every subscriber make an effort to get for us another?

The Time of Visitation.*

By WM. HAMILTON DRUMMOND, B.A.,
Minister of All Souls' Church, Belfast.

"The time of thy visitation."—Luke xix. 44.

There are few scenes in history so pathetic as those which recall the failure of men to seize a noble opportunity. We look back upon them with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. Perhaps we try to imagine what might have been if the human heart had not been so bound by its traditions and so dead to the call of God. Sometimes the day of visitation comes in the light of a new revelation, as when Christ went about among the Jewish people rebuking their formalism, and trying to make their religion simple and pure enough for the universal heart of man. At other times it comes in the voiceless needs of men who have drifted away from religion, and ceased either to speak its language or observe its habits. In either case it comes first of all as opportunity, a fresh opening for love and thought and faithfulness, and then, if it is not used, the opportunity hardens into judgment. I believe that the day of visitation is coming to the Christian Church at the present time in the second of the two ways I have described; and it is of this and of its noble opportunity for wider spiritual usefulness, especially as they concern ourselves, that I wish to speak to you.

Let me in the first place try to describe in a few words the need which I have in view, this drifting away of large numbers of people both from the habits and thought of religion. For this purpose I shall use an illustration which has made a strong impression upon my own mind. A symposium has been held lately in the columns of the *Commonwealth* on the future of Sunday. It was opened by Canon Scott Holland in a statement remarkable for its candour and its incisive dealing with a problem which the religious world as a whole has hardly made up its mind to face. The Puritan Sunday with its formalism has gone for the large masses of men. But in pulling up the tares we have rooted up the wheat also. "Sunday has vanished while we were disputing over its proper observation." "Sunday has sunk. That is what has happened. And it is alarming. That is not in the least what we intended. We had only meant to dislodge the cloud which encumbered our true religious joy. But, now, we have to reverse engines: to face the other way. A new foe is on our rear. We are summoned to another and an unanticipated task. We have got to rehabilitate the very existence of Sunday. We have got to reassert the traditions which we had taken for granted. We have to set up fences instead of pulling down barriers. And, therefore, the time has obviously arrived for saying what Sunday is, instead of declaring what it is not. Why should it be kept? On what grounds? How can its claim be made sound and strong in the ears of a generation which has forgotten what it means, and which requires the whole case to be re-argued in the light of present facts and experiences? What is the social value of Sunday to an industrial society? What is the spiritual necessity of Sunday to sweated clerks, in need of wholesome air and bright relief? What is the true discipline of Sunday for a smart world bent on nothing but on having a good time? What is the proper repressive force of Sunday on a young generation which is running riot in the search after materialised pleasures, and spurns all directive control?" This is the problem.

The papers which follow are of varying degrees of interest. Some are written from the clerical point of view, others criticise the Sunday occupations of smart London society. A printer describes how he has talked to scores of intelligent working-men. "Not one of them has admitted a religious sanction for the day. Holiday, pure and simple, has been their description of it." A tram-driver writes in a spirit of weariness. His one idea is to get back to the traditional quiet of Sunday, and he sees nothing but selfishness in Sunday travelling. But the most interesting paper in the whole series is the one contributed by Joe Clayton. He speaks for Labour. Labour, he tells us, is against Sunday work, except such as ministers to recreation. In its heart it is true to the ideal of Sunday as a day of rest. It shows no sign of yielding upon that point. But it is not so in regard to worship. Here it has broken definitely with the tradition of the past. "Without any

* A sermon preached at Chesterfield, on Wednesday, October 22nd, 1902, on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the North Midland Unitarian and Presbyterian Association.

definite disavowal of Christian dogma, and without any particular hostility to the churches . . . . the workmen of Great Britain have no desire for membership in the Church of England or in any of the Nonconformist bodies. . . . . This aloofness from the Churches does not spring from any hatred or fear of the clergy. . . . The conscience of Labour in England is not anti-clerical, as it is in many parts of the Continent. . . . The workman in England has no reason to fear the parson, he has rather a quiet contempt for the intellectual feebleness of the clergy and for the utter absence in the churches of any strong moral or spiritual force." There may be touches of exaggeration here and there in the picture, and allowance must be made for the individual point of view; but there is a remarkable agreement on these two points: First, that we are witnessing a complete failure of the old-fashioned Sunday. Sunday is losing its distinctiveness and ceasing to minister in any special way to the higher needs of men. And secondly, both cleric and labour leader tell us that Sunday must continue to be, however changed in the outward form of its observance, a day of rest and a day of worship, for worship and rest are permanent human needs.

I do not wish to pursue this subject further, though it suggests a question of urgent practical importance. I want to use it simply as an illustration, the most striking which I have met with lately, of the way in which men are parting with both the thought and practice of religion. Not only are they ceasing to care for the organised life and worship of the church, but they are passing into a state of complete indifference to many things which have been absolutely vital to the personal religion of the past. There has been a rapid decay of the belief in God's care and love for the individual soul, in the sense of sin, and the habit of prayer. It is not that there is much open denial of these things, but men in large numbers are no longer conscious of believing them. However much we may assert that the new learning has enhanced the religious value of the Bible most people have not yet discovered it, and except for the dwindling number who walk in the old paths, it no longer stirs the affections and sets the ethical standard as it has done for many generations of English life. Even upon many questions of personal and social conduct, which owe so much to the conservative force of habit, we are witnessing an outbreak of moral heterodoxy, which a few years ago would have been considered hardly possible. This rapid disintegration of habit and belief is, I believe, to be traced only in a minor degree to directly intellectual causes. The ease of locomotion, the restlessness of great city populations, the concentration of thought and desire upon the material ends of life, the growing power of wealth, these have been more potent factors than Biblical criticism and the impact of evolution upon traditional religious ideas. But we need not delay over the almost impossible task of discriminating among the various forces which are at work. Nor, I think, would it be wise to throw the blame upon the Church and the somewhat rigid traditionalism which infects all its branches, for what has taken place. The changes have been so gigantic, and so far beyond our control, that it would have been little short of miraculous had even the most liberal groups of Christian believers either foreseen them or understood their meaning. But now the process has gone far enough for us to realise the gravity of the situation. We know that a large section of people has parted for the time with some of the highest interests of life. We know too that it is precisely to these people that we have lost the power of speaking. We worship in the church, and they remain outside. We use a language which to them is fast becoming unmeaning and dead. We call upon them to welcome our liberal views of Christian truth, and for them the whole Christian interpretation of the world has lost its vital force. That is the problem. How are we going to answer it? The day of our visitation has come, and it is in the balance whether it is to be a day of opportunity or of judgment.

There is one course of action which would bring the judgment upon us very quickly. We may be blind to all the unsatisfied spiritual needs of the world outside and sink into a contented parochialism. We may say, it is enough for us to look after our own affairs, and to preach our simple gospel to the little groups of people committed to us, and to keep along the beaten paths of work and worship, with only an occasional guerilla attack upon the flanks of

orthodoxy, or a cry of jubilation when we make a convert or win a little unexpected recognition. Is that going to satisfy us in face of the gigantic problems of the modern world? Is there no more distinctive work for us to do? If not, let us bow to the inevitable and bear the judgment meekly, as the great religious opportunity of the age passes into other hands. For this opportunity lies not among the men who have religion already, but among those who have it not, or who, possessing it, have it so vaguely that it exercises no control upon life.

Now I want to suggest, I would do it with all deference, but at the same time with the firmness proper to a matured conviction, that there is great need for us to make a radical change in one of our familiar habits of thought. We have been accustomed for a long time to look upon the great Christian bodies outside our own as our legitimate field of enterprise for the dissemination of liberal ideas. In our missionary activity we have usually had the puzzled orthodox believer in view. We have even defined our own belief in times of dissent from his accepted standards of doctrine. I do not say that the work was not useful and necessary. I do not criticise the past at all. But two things seem to me very obvious at the present moment, firstly, that the liberal movement is going on in such large and effective ways within the Church that we cannot hope to add much to its momentum; and, secondly, that our true and God-given mission in the spiritual distress of the present time is not to the orthodox believer at all, however narrow he may be in his creed, however greatly mistaken we may regard him in his thought. He has to be dislodged from the place he has occupied so long in our imagination, in order to leave room for another figure far more pathetic in his need, the man for whom religion is drifting fast into the limbo of forgotten interests, the man who has lost the Christian interpretation of his life. Let us acknowledge the change frankly, how radical it is. It is nothing less than a right-about-face, involving a revision of our ideas in regard to the whole scope and method of missionary work. It will be work of exceptional difficulty, probably with unusual discouragements. We cannot assume a keen interest in religion, for it is the feeling of religious need that we have to create. We cannot use much of the current religious phraseology, for it conveys no clear idea to the mind of the hearer. We may have to learn a new religious vocabulary, and to be ready to welcome ways of expressing religious feeling and worship very different from those which have long had the sanction of the Church. But these things must not come from the fertile brain of the innovator, eager for religious experiments. It is work which demands rich powers of thought, and, above all, an ardent faith in the Divine realities of life.

It is clearly impossible at the close of a sermon to indicate, even in outline, the way in which men are likely in the future to interpret the basal facts of the religious consciousness, nor do I think that the time is ripe for such an attempt. I will only try to point out in a very few words the two chief needs which must be kept steadily in view.

1. We want to emancipate ourselves from the trammels of theological dialectic. Most of our theological thought has no right to the name, for it consists simply in the modification and re-arrangement of received opinions. It is dry and unattractive to the ordinary mind, because it is for the most part dead. Modern scientific thought fascinates men, because it is full of the freshness which comes from contact with the facts of nature and experience; and theological thought will be not less interesting when it is as real. It is only along the lines of a fresh interpretation of the facts of the religious consciousness, by bringing the mind into living contact with reality in experience and history, that we can hope to win men back to interest in the truth of religion. This is work to which we may set our hands, without too many side-glances at the venerable structures of thought which have had their day.

2. But the chances of success will be small, if we only lead men one by one to the shrine of Truth, and have no living society into which to welcome them. Liberal thought has never been able hitherto to organise itself into a Church. It has failed to express the corporate and social side of religion with effectiveness and power. Perhaps it has not realised always the need of making the attempt. At the present time it speaks to men through books, and here and there by an individual teacher; but it does not appeal to the imagination as a living spirit uniting men

in a fellowship of worship and good works. To some of us there has come the dream that our scattered churches, embracing the opportunity of the new time, might coalesce into a real brotherhood of the Spirit, to typify to men, in some modest way, what shall surely come after many days in fulness and power. Have we the courage to make the attempt now, while the pressure of all these new duties is upon us, and it is only in the strength of fellowship that we dare attempt the unknown seas? Is there faith in our hearts, strong enough to vanquish the pride of isolation, in our mission to recover, within the limits of our influence, the idea of the Church, the fellowship of all who love and worship God, for the churchless massess of our people?

Perhaps, like David, we are not worthy to build the temple of the Lord. We may only prepare the gold and the silver and the brass and the wood and the stone, which our sons shall fashion into a new dwelling-place for religion. But we can do this humbler work with joy, if we have the pattern of the temple in our hearts; for down the long vista of the years we shall see its walls rising to greet the day, and men and women and children going up thither, a great company, to worship God.

Cold.

In a volume which has more than once suggested a subject for our speculations, Dr. Horace Bushnell's "Moral Uses of Dark Things," we find an essay on "Winter." Dr. Bushnell, having started in his preface with the maxim that the argument from final causes has been based too much by those who have used it on such evidences of design as are connected with *physical* uses, and that the *moral* uses are the ultimate tests of contrivance, applies it to the subject of "winter" with his accustomed ingenuity. He argues that a season of sterility and even destruction cannot be made out to serve physical ends, or, at all events, any that are beneficent; that, on the contrary, such physical ends are distinctly put aside, and, as it were, forgotten in the view of a higher; that winter, in short, is a discipline by which, as far as our material well-being is concerned, we positively lose, which we should be better without were it not for the great moral and spiritual benefits that we get from it. This argument, which is supported by a number of very powerful and really convincing illustrations—one is willingly convinced that there must be some compensation for all the annoyances of cold and darkness—Dr. Bushnell confirms by pointing out the contrast between the vigour and moral strength of nations wherein the soul of man is braced by the cold, and the weakness of those who are unfortunate enough to be deprived of this tonic, between, to quote his own words, "tropical consciences, which are out-door, self-indulgent, unpronouncing consciences, and those which have been trained in the more rugged and severe climes of the North." And he asks whether anyone would undertake to form in Central America or in Jamaica a people that could be matched, for moral tone, with that of Scotland or New England. In the same spirit he dwells on the necessity of winter as a condition in the development of "home;" and of "home," which he calls "a most untropical institution," he says, in language that no one will be disposed to deny, that "there is no moral influence, not immediately religious, that is so essential to virtue."

It could hardly have escaped so acute a reasoner as Dr. Bushnell that these considerations, viewed as part of the general argument from design, are liable to a very undesirable application—that, as a weapon to be used against those who impugn a Divine Order and Purpose in Creation, they cannot fail to be exceedingly hurtful to those who employ them. When Dr. Bushnell, for instance, says, "Our God is not a summer God only, but a winter God, ruling with stout emphasis," he obviously lays himself open to a most damaging atheistic retort. "Your God," it might very plausibly be answered, "with his two aspects, both of which you declare to be essential to his character as the great educator of man, has, it is plain, a circumscribed dominion. He is the God of the Anglo-Saxon, or of the Anglo-Saxon so long as he confines himself to the region of his nativity, but he is not the God of the Negro or the Malay. The vast belt of the tropical earth is not indeed, as the ancients imagined, made uninhabitable by heat, for in many places it swarms with human life, but it is subjected to a worse doom. It is cursed with conditions of existence which rob

life of all moral dignity and excellence. It has a climate which relaxes the conscience, and which takes away from man an institution which you describe as essential to virtue!"

It may indeed be argued, on the other side, that the tropical climate has its compensations even for the spiritual part of human nature, that it is well suited to the development of the ascetic and contemplative form of the religious life. The rigours of a Northern climate make the practices in which that life finds its appropriate discipline difficult, and even, as far as perfection is concerned, impossible. The most devoted and enduring *Stylites* could not bear the rigours of an English or an American December. Under the skies of Egypt or Syria, he can attain the summits of spiritual ambition. Hunger is never so imperious as when it feels the stimulus of cold. Warmth, on the other hand, chiefly because it permits and even encourages inaction, makes fasting comparatively easy, and fasting, it is needless to say, is the foundation of ascetic virtue.

Dr. Bushnell's theory of the "Moral Uses of Winter" is, perhaps, more assailable from an opposite quarter. There are regions where the domination of winter seems to dwarf human nature by surrounding it with conditions of hopeless squalor, just as there are regions which may be said to suffer from the want of its tonic power. Some of us who find our moral and intellectual energies stagnating from cold may feel some doubts about the benefits of this tonic, but we must submit to be told that the medicine is not the less generally salutary because a weakness of constitution makes it injurious to this or that individual. It is certain, however, that winter complicates enormously the difficulties of our social condition. There is a poverty which, if not necessarily associated with crime, is certainly adverse to anything like nobility of life, to moral elevation, and to culture. There is a large class of the population of our great cities, and, in a less degree, even of our towns and villages, which is continually liable to be sunk into this poverty, that is, into a condition distinctiy hostile to moral and spiritual good, by these very rigours of climate, which brace, it may be allowed, the energy of classes more happily situated. This is an evil which does not exist under easier conditions of life. Whatever may be the amount of vice and crime in the southern cities, they are not burdened with that mass of hopeless demoralising poverty which is to be found in some quarters of our own capital, and which makes our East-End clergy, and all who are engaged in the work of relieving distress, dread the winter very much, as Cairo and Bagdad dread the summer, as Rome dreads the autumn.

It may be said, of course, that here it is our civilisation, and not our climate, that is in fault; that this evil might be banished from among us if our social order were better arranged; and if it be granted, we will take another instance to which the same objection will not apply. Round the Northern Pole of the earth there is a region which the ancients imagined, as they imagined the tropical zone, to be uninhabitable by man; but which we know to be occupied by tribes, sparsely scattered indeed, but still amounting in the whole to no inconsiderable numbers. Think now what life among the Esquimaux must be. The descriptions of travellers who have viewed it from without, even the experience of men who, like Mr. Hall, have spent a winter in their huts, cannot make us actually realise it, because even those who are doomed to a prolonged residence under such conditions are supported above their level by the recollections of the civilisation from which they have come out, and to which they hope to return. Still, we can form some idea of it, of its dirt, its squalor, of the perpetual struggle with nature by which alone it is prolonged, of the alternations between starvation and repletion by which it is diversified. Can we, knowing what we do of these conditions, and allowing for all the virtues which may be developed in spite of them, possibly even out of them—virtues, for instance, of hospitality and kindness, which, Mr. Hall tells us, are often found among this people—can we imagine an *Esquimaux saint?* Let us take which type of saint we will, either the Protestant type, the well-dressed gentleman, who does not disdain the comforts of life; or the Roman Catholic type, the man careless of comfort, even of cleanliness, and worn with continual austerities. It is impossible to imagine either surrounded by the conditions of Esquimaux life, in a snow-hut, for instance, crowded with men, women, and children, almost as thickly as a

barrel is crowded with herrings, not put there, it must be remembered, for a while, for that could be borne in the strength of other associations; but born and bred there, educated among all the inexpressibly degrading belongings of such an existence. It is not too much to say that it is impossible to conceive of any ideal of moral or spiritual character as existing under such circumstances; and if no ideal is possible, the every-day realities become, as we all know, very low indeed; if there can be no saintship, the religion and morality of ordinary men must be very low and base indeed.

A difficulty of this kind, which must be attributed not to failure of human society to do its duty to all the classes of which it consists, nor to the perversity and weakness of the will of the individual man, but to certain conditions of existence which seem radically incompatible with all that is most desirable in human life, is certainly very serious. To us it seems utterly destructive of that narrow theory of the divine government and education of our race, which excludes from all hopes of God's favour here and hereafter those who do not fulfil certain very difficult conditions of intellectual belief and spiritual feeling. But it is not inconsistent with that faith which looks upon our human life as but a small section of that great plan under which, by an inconceivable diversity of means, the Universal Father is seeking to bring all his creatures to their highest good.

J. W

The Rev. Henry Turner.

I have before me, as I write, a volume of Sermons, dated 1822. The contents of the title page, with its motto, are worth recording: "Sermons selected from the papers of the late Rev, Henry Turner, and published at the request of the younger members of the Church of Unitarian Christians, in the High Pavement, Nottingham. To which are added a few Occasional Addresses—*quo nemo vir melior natus est; nemo pietate praestantior; cujus corpus a me humatum est, quod contra decuit ab illo meum. Animus vero non me deserens, sed respectans, in ea profecto loca discessit, quo mihi ipsi spero esse veniendum.*" This short record would have attracted me to the volume, even had the name of the beloved pastor been unfamiliar to me. But Henry Turner was the son of my venerable predecessor in the ministry of the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle; his father, William Turner, served the congregation when it worshipped in Hanover Square Chapel, and his memory is still fragrant in our city as a former leader of its intellectual life, the founder of its Literary and Philosophical Society, and a strenuous supporter of every charitable institution. It is also of personal interest to me that the worthy son of so worthy a father was one of the "old boys" of the Royal Grammar School in Newcastle. At that time the head master was the Rev. Edward Moises. As a lad of sixteen years Henry went to Glasgow to prosecute his studies at the University, and he had the great advantage of residing with John Kenrick, with whom he travelled to York, in 1810, when that distinguished scholar became classical tutor in Manchester College. For three years he was a student at York, and, at the close of his curriculum, was appointed minister at Bradford. In February, 1817, he removed to Nottingham, to become colleague of the Rev. James Taylor at the High Pavement Chapel. Two years later he married Catherine, only daughter of Mr. J. C. Rankin, of Newcastle; and this most worthy lady survived her husband many years; she died only a short time ago at Nottingham, and I believe she reached the age of ninety. The relations of the young minister to his congregation were very intimate and beautiful; his saint-like character endowed his influence with a spiritual power which is only feebly indicated in his literary remains. But not long was his church to be blessed by his pastorate. He was suddenly prostrated by a chill, and, after three weeks' illness, he died on 31st January, 1822. He was buried in Lenton Churchyard; his grave bears the following inscription from the pen of the Rev. John Kenrick:—

H.S.E.
HENRICUS TURNER, V.D.M.
ECCLESIAE NOTTINGHAMENSIS UNUM DEUM PATREM MEDIATORE CHRISTO COLENTIUM
PER PROPE QUINQUENNIUM ALTER E PASTORIBUS;
QUO, MORTE IPSI NON IMMATURA, ABREPTO,
FILIUM, CONJUGEM, AMICUM,
PIETATE, SANCTITATE, INGENIO, PRAESTANTEM
CONSUETUDINE ET SERMONIBUS JUCUNDISSIMUM,
SUI DESIDERANT.
ECCLESIA VERO SE VITAE DUCE ET MAGISTRO,
AD OMNEM VIRTUTEM
NON MAGIS PRAECEPTIS QUAM EXEMPLO EXCITANTE,
ORBATAM ESSE TESTATUR.
OBIIT JAN: 31, 1822, ANN: AET: 30.

The story of this devoted young man has always had a singular fascination for me, and I greatly regret that only such scanty details of his career are available. If any friend can afford me materials for a more worthy tribute to his memory I shall be very grateful. Whenever I open my much-prized volume of his "Remains," I always repeat to myself the words of Anchises as he mourned the short life of Marcellus:

Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores!

FRANK WALTERS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
5th November, 1902.

Never fight God's battle with any weapon of the devil.

"Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai."

"A great singer has arrived in Leipzig. I heard her yesterday."

"You, Emilie?" said Lieschen. "You went to no concert."

"Ah, but I was in the Rosenthal. There I heard Frau Nightingale, and I paid nothing for the best seat at her recital. You will hear her to-day. As I went to the market I met Helmuth, and he is coming to take you out, *meine Liebe*."

Lieschen's cheeks glowed even more brightly than usual.

"Ah, what a beautiful birthday I am having!" she cried. "You must come, too, to-day. Who knows whether next birthday——"

She had to stop and cough, pitifully, breathlessly.

"Naughty one!" said Emilie, while she strove to hide the tears that started to her eyes. "You have been cooking while I was out. As a punishment, you and Helmuth shall be alone. And don't pretend, *du Schelm*, that I don't know which is your favourite poem of Heine. Hasn't it got a line of this sort in it?

"*Alone* we sat, and were silent?"

"Then don't pretend that *Mailied* isn't your favourite poem of Goethe."

"What if it is? I shall come out too when I have arranged the candles on your cake and put the *marzipan* round it."

Lieschen clapped her thin hands. "There will be *marzipan? Schön!* Helmuth loves it—ah! he is such a child! I will put some into his coat-pocket before he goes away. And he shall take you to the opera to-night. It is *Fidelio*—oh, how divine it is!"

"Not to-night, *Liebchen*. Perhaps on Tuesday I will go to see "*Der Fliegende Holländer*."

"Promise!"

"It depends on whether you are a good child and obey your elder sister. No more cooking! Don't you remember how Dr. Keller scolded you for lifting that heavy pan last time he was here?"

"*Ach, du Liebste!* don't be cross with me! I feel so well to-day, and Helmuth is coming."

* * * * * * *

Emilie stood at the window and waved her handkerchief to the pair who were just turning the corner of the street into the fresh green oasis of the Rosenthal.

The young soldier in his blue uniform looked very tender and protecting to the frail girl who leant on his arm, and strong enough to guard her against all enemies but one. For eight years her flickering strength had lived upon his faithfulness and her sister's care, but now Dr. Keller said it was a question of months. "Who knows whether next birthday——"—Lieschen had said it herself, for the first time, and the words rang a knell in Emilie's heart. She turned from the window, and sank trembling on to the hard old sofa. How could she bear it?—oh, how could she bear the loneliness when Lieschen was gone? For eight years, ever since their father, the *portier*, had died, she had tended the girl like father, mother, brother, husband in one; and always there had been the trust that Lieschen's invincible hopefulness was right, and that the poor heart and lungs might still win the battle. But now that Lieschen herself had accepted the inevitable, and had gone forth, her dreaming brown eyes full of happy tears, for the last birthday walk with her steadfast lover, Emilie felt the cold shadow drawing very near. In her ceaseless, cheerful struggle for daily bread, and in her mother-like solicitude for her sister, she had no room for a thought of herself. But now the future fronted her grimly, and a great wave of desolation rushed over her. For once she did not rise and take down her Goethe and her *Gesang buch*—her hitherto unfailing comforters—from the shelf where the sisters kept their small array of treasured poets. She knew that the book would open at *Mailied*—her ewe-lamb—and that its splendid joyousness would add one more stab to the pitiless sunshine. As she looked back upon the life which they had led together, she knew that in spite of their poverty, their hardships and anxieties, it had been flooded with happiness. Unlike so many of our English workwomen, these two poor Leipzig girls had a store of simple and noble pleasures within their reach whenever they could spare the small sum necessary to their attainment. Sometimes it was an opera, a concert, where they might hear the masterpieces of their own land perfectly performed and lose themselves in their native air of hero-worship; at other times, if every *pfennig* had to be saved, there was the delicious half-hour of leisure with their few beloved poets and philosophers by the stove

in winter, or in summer the seat under the trees, where they made friends with the children at play among the sand-heaps provided for them by their ever-vigilant Kaiser, or else constructed a whole happy inner world where Schumann and Mendelssohn and Bach lived again in these thronged streets and green alleys, and seemed to look kindly upon the sisters while passing by to some great rehearsal or performance. But enfolding all these smaller pleasures in a wider blessedness there was for Emilie the constant, deep current of her love for her sister. That was her first thought in the morning, when she rose before the light to tidy the room, make the coffee, and get through part of her allotted task of needlework before Lieschen was up. And it was her last thought at night, after they had read the *Gesang buch* together, when, having helped her sister tenderly to bed, she would kneel down and pray that, if the *lieber Gott* saw it to be good, He would make Lieschen well and let her marry Helmuth. Some were happier with a husband, though she herself had never hesitated between the man who loved her and her love for her sister. But the child was meant to be married—she was so gay and loving, and would make her home such a haven of rest for the young soldier wearied with countless regulations.

And now, after all his long waiting . . . poor Helmuth!

Well, to-day they should be happy. How could she be so selfish as to sit there weeping, when she knew that nothing made Lieschen so unhappy as seeing her so? Her eyes would be red when the child came in—abominable! Hastily she rose from the sofa, poured out a little water, and bathed her face with an old handkerchief, then she knelt down for a few moments by the wooden bedstead with the *Spruchwörter* embroidered on its quilt, and when she rose her face was serene.

Singing softly to herself her favourite *chorale*,

"Suche Jesum und sein Licht,
Alles Anderes hilft dir nicht,"*

she took from a cupboard the white birthday-cake, and arranged the little candles—twenty-eight—around it. She smiled as she thought how pleased Lieschen would be with the little surprise that she had contrived for her. In green sugar letters stood written on the cake:

"Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen." †

For it was on a May evening that their father had first brought Helmuth home to supper. . . . How they would both laugh and exclaim when they saw it! How happy she would be that they were pleased! And next birthday, when twenty-nine candles were not needed—ah! next birthday God would help her. She would go and sit in a corner of the dusky *Thomas Kirche* where Bach had wrought his wonderful, interwoven melodies, and there, whilst a *chorale* or a fugue flooded the spring twilight from the dim-lit organ-loft, she would weep out her soul, and God would send her peace.

For it was but for a time . . . . .

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

* "Seek for Jesus and his light,
He alone can mend thy plight."

† "'Twas in the wond'rous month of May,
When every bird was singing,
That in my heart, with joyful sway,
I felt sweet love up-springing."

Christmas Memories:

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Beside the Christmas fire
There passeth, as in dream,
All sight and sound that touched us,
All shadows on Life's stream
That rusheth now so swiftly
To the tideless ocean's flow.
Oh! the music of its ripple
In the days of long ago!

Beside the Christmas fire
Again we see the light
Of the old dear home, so distant,
And yet so near to-night.
And we were once those children
Who shouted in the snow,
And fed the robin-redbreasts
In the days of long ago.

Beside the Christmas fire
The shadows still pass on,
And childhood's happy valley
And careless heart are gone.
But oh! the hopes that beckon,
The beacon-lights that glow—
Swift foot and heart undaunted
In the days of long ago.

Beside the Christmas fire
We see the path divide;
One step—and no returning
For swelling of the tide.
One tryst—the great Hereafter—
That meeting-place must know,
All lightly as we missed it
In the days of long ago.

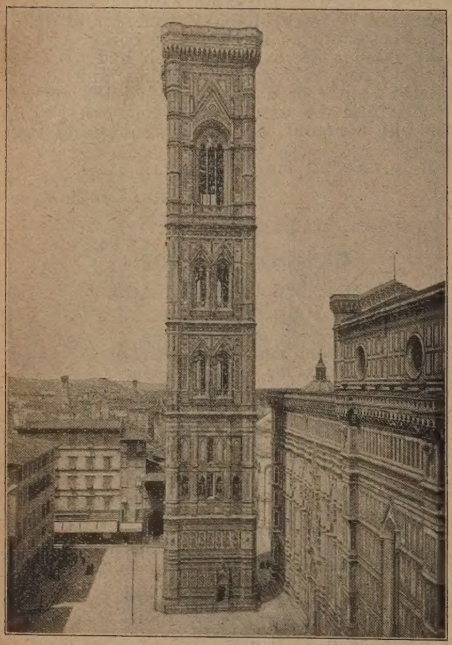
Beside the Christmas fire
If sometimes Life may seem
The shadow of a shadow
And a dream within a dream;
Hark to the Christmas anthem
Which comes across the snow!
It links fair life and endless
With the days of long ago.

MARY GORGES.

Art and Life.

GIOTTO'S BELL-TOWER.

I.



Giotto was an architect and sculptor as well as a painter—a combination of the arts not unusual in the Medieval workman. We may see that he was an architect from the numerous architectural designs in his frescoes, as we may know that he was a painter from certain qualities in his sculptures. Towards the close of his life, therefore, he was appointed to carry on the Cathedral in Florence begun by Arnolfo, and to add a bell-tower. Now, it is interesting to read in an old document the terms of the engagement. "Since in the whole world, it is said, none can be found more able in this and many other arts than Master Giotto Bondone, of Florence, painter, and he is recognised in his own country as the great master"—begins the decree of his admiring countrymen, bearing witness to the close touch between the artist and his public, and to their interest in his work. And then it goes on to say that this matchless Florentine of theirs shall have instructions to build the most beautiful tower he can conceive for their great Cathedral. They believed in him, and he should do his very best. Probably in his case, as in other instances in Florence, his designs would be submitted to the citizens as a whole, and a general vote would determine the selection; but when approved there should be no cutting down of the plan to save expense, nor tinkering with it to satisfy some obstinate committeeman's predilections.

The result was that genius, with a free hand, supported by a generous and enthusiastic public, produced one of the most perfect buildings ever raised by man.

It was begun in 1334, two and a half years before Giotto's death. Perhaps his death was hastened by the labours of it. It was finished, according to his designs, just fifty years after his decease, in 1387—the birth-year of the greatest of his successors, Fra Angelico.

Look at the illustration while I endeavour briefly to describe it.

It stands, as ancient bell-towers usually did, apart from the church, on its own base, fifty feet square, and rises straight from the ground without buttresses. It is of stone, adorned on its four sides with a dress of rose-coloured marble, delicately striped with black and green—a sort of rich mosaic, that glows and flashes in the sunlight. It is not a mere ornament, but a useful structure. No useless building can be truly beautiful. Giotto was not called upon to construct a lovely toy, but an edifice of the highest use and value, namely, a Tower to summon the citizens to their prayers. It must therefore be *high*, to send the sound of the bells well over the city; and secondly, it must be *strong*, to support the weight of the bells at so great an altitude. These structural conditions are strictly fulfilled. *Use* takes the first place, and beauty is merely the adornment of the useful. Notice how lofty the Tower is. It soars above the Cathedral roof and the adjoining houses. Travellers approaching the city from the hills or the valley of the River Arno saw it afar off, and heard its summons to worship. Observe, too, how, from foot to crown, its useful purpose is kept in view. It is divided into five stages, nobly proportioned and varied, but strictly in accordance with use. The ground

stage has to bear the most weight. It is therefore square and massive, conveying the impression at once of solidity and strength. The next is oblong, and lightened a little by vertical strips and recesses. It is not so severely *practical* as the lower one. The third and fourth stages are further lightened, being pierced on all sides by windows with tall spiral shafts. These stages have less weight to support than those beneath, and can do with apertures. Notice, however, that these apertures, through which the sound of the bells will come, are at a point well above the houses and on a level with the roof of the Cathedral; so that, on the one hand, the people in the streets will not have their ears stunned with the noise, and, on the other hand, the sound will be transmitted freely above without impediment. Then, tallest and lightest of all, comes the fifth stage, that of the belfry itself, broken on each face by a single glorious window with double spiral shafts and delicate ornamentation, as airy and fairy-like as the stage at the bottom is severe and squat. Finally, the whole is capped by a strong projecting cornice, serving the double purpose of binding the Tower tightly together at the top and supporting a spire. This spire, which was to have been fifty feet high, was never added. Probably it would have resembled the summit of the tower of Santa Croce, erected a little later.

Many a modern tower contradicts these essential structural principles. The windows are often diminished instead of increased in size upward, the higher stages made too heavy, and the lower too light. Such work, however decked out with ornamentation, cannot be beautiful.

Giotto's decoration is simply of the useful, and it is magnificent. There is not one piece of masonry which does not serve a purpose, yet the whole is a mass of beauty. It is a tall and strong edifice, but without gloom. It is rich with glowing colours, delicate tracery, and mingled lights and shadows.* And it is all *alive*, as it were, full of spring, variety, and freedom. Notice, for instance, that the door at the bottom is *at one side*. The steps of the staircase end conveniently at that point, and Giotto, fearless of effect, puts the door there. A modern architect would probably place it *in the middle*. His idea of beauty would be that of mechanical accuracy, and he would sacrifice his staircase, making it rather steep, to his symmetry. Giotto knows that in Nature there is nothing mechanically accurate, that Nature is too beautiful to depend on mere mathematical devices, and he puts his door where it naturally should be, relying on higher effects of beauty. Notice, also, that the carving varies in size according to the distance from the eye. A spectator, standing on the ground, with good sight, may study all its details. At the base are delicately-cut bas-reliefs. Above them are larger carvings of similar designs. Above these are statues, few and of a considerable size. Then, much larger, come the windows. And last, and largest of all, a mass of bold ornament, comes the single window of the belfry. A modern artist would probably make the mistake of putting delicate carving high up, where nobody could see it without opera-glasses. But the chief difference between the modern and Medieval workman is that, while the former would probably carve figures and foliage of stupid and meaningless patterns, the latter invariably sculptured something noble and worthy the study of the passer-by.

This I will illustrate in a second paper.

E. I. F.

* "I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smoothed and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not forget . . . that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud and chased like a sea-shell."—*Ruskin.*

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The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase of circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

Dr. Martineau's "Life and Letters."

(Second Notice.)

One predominant thought is left on those who have read, or are reading, these volumes themselves, or who have noted the impressions they have made on others. It is very suggestive, it is most significant, that their chief effect on reader and reviewer alike has been the confession of this remark—that Dr. Martineau was too wide a man for any one denomination, that if his thought was with one body of Christians, his heart was with all the rest. The ever-recurrent note in his letters, as in his work, is this fellowship of the spirit which is more uniting than common belief, this mistake of attempting to direct and limit it along one thin current of denominational thought, this sleepless sense of the affinities of faith, the sympathies of hope, the charities of love, which launch us all rejoicingly on the broad river of humanity that bears us on and on unceasingly toward the sound of the infinite sea.

It is an easy and almost pleasant thing for anyone, especially at the present time, when conviction is less keen and strong, to share this same longing for spiritual communion, but to humour it as only a useless dream, a pious opinion, without any serious attempt at its realisation. That is, perhaps, the case with most of us; but with Dr. Martineau it was far otherwise. He was continually trying to work out this fellowship of the spirit into principles of actual religious union, into the practice of Christian comprehension and communion.

When he began his Liverpool ministry, which was to last through a quarter of a century, almost his first work was the establishment, along with Mr. Thom, of the Liverpool Domestic Mission, under the inspiration of Dr. Tuckerman. Its aim was to be frankly and entirely unsectarian; it was to carry the spirit of Christianity, by means of practical Christian sympathy, into the hearts and homes of the poor in the city, without any distinctions of church or theology. He nurtured and championed this unsectarian mission throughout the whole of his life in Liverpool; when he came to London he transferred his sympathy to a similar Mission Society, and he wrote a letter to the Press on "The Christian Administration of Poor Districts." His plea, though primarily for the poor, was also for Christian unity, namely, "How to neutralise the effects of theological division by a common enthusiasm of Love and Duty." He describes therein the Domestic Mission as a prototype of the union which is feeling its way into realisation; he applauds its impartial attitude towards all the types of Christian profession and organisation; and, on the ground of this Catholicity, he appeals for help to "all Londoners who have escaped the exclusiveness of the churches."

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

The Domestic Mission movement has been nobly successful, though not on a large scale. The only complaint we ever heard against it—and that so amazing as to pronounce its own condemnation—is that it never made a single Unitarian! It was made, and consecrated, by a Joseph Tuckerman, a John Hamilton Thom, a John Johns, a Travers Madge, a Charles Corkran, and how many others in the Communion of Saints!

But Dr. Martineau regarded it, not only as an endeavour to uplift and benefit the poor, but as an opportunity of neutralising the effects

of theological division, and of realising in action the fellowship of religious union. Of a second attempt to preserve fellowship of spirit we are reminded afresh in these volumes. If unsectarian principles are right and good for Domestic Missions, why are they wrong and bad for Christian churches? At a critical point in the history of our own community, when the issue seemed to lie between sectarian organisation and spiritual freedom, Dr. Martineau tried to secure for our churches what was already secured in the missions, viz.: the full and free acceptance of the undogmatic principle and unsectarian aim as the spiritual bond of union in each church and congregation. He was partly successful, partly doomed to fail; he was much misunderstood at the time, his aim is by some misunderstood still. He was credited with opinions which were never his; he was debited with the inability of his critics to distinguish between two cardinally and fundamentally different things—a difference which is yet unperceived by many, and is hastily, roughly, blurred away. For clearness of speech, and convenience of reference, he condensed his plea into the following summary, which is worthy of being followed carefully.

I.—Though for individual believers definite theological conviction is important to the spiritual life: and

For simultaneous fellow worshippers a corresponding theological sympathy is indispensable.

II.—Yet it is wrong for permanent churches to fix their standard of belief, and to commit their religious life to the hazards of a specific type of doctrine; and

We in particular cannot do so without

Readopting that notion of orthodoxy which we profess to reject:

Compelling our church sympathies and our natural reverence often to run across each other;

Breaking with the past from which we spring, and

Compromising the future which we prepare.

III.—Hence we should beware of

Accepting any doctrinal organisation, however useful its function in other respects, as representative organ of our group of congregations; and of

Distinguishing ourselves ecclesiastically from the general Christian Church by any name, unless expressing—

1. Either our historical origin, or

2. Our refusal to limit God's grace in test by dogmatic conditions. It appears from this summary unmistakably that the crux of the whole case is this — "Should Theological Organisations and Church Organisations be identical or distinct?" Those are the two different things which Dr. Martineau thought should be kept distinct: the one is individual and changeable: the other is collective and permanent. If, however, you hold that they should be identical, you make a Church a Theological School, agreement of theological doctrine its bond of union, unanimity and uniformity a necessity, and so revert to the notion of orthodoxy. This second attempt was a partial success, and is now represented by the basis of the National Conference.

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

Dr. Martineau did not abate his effort, and six years later made an attempt at a larger fellowship than that afforded by any existing sect. Its history occupies twenty most interesting pages of the biography, and its authentic

archives have been deposited recently in Dr. Williams's library. After much correspondence and conference with like-minded men, it was decided to form a "Free Christian Union," which should be a representative organisation for congregations that rested on a spiritual, and not a dogmatic basis. A pamphlet entitled "A Catholic Christian Church, the Want of our Time," was issued in its favour by the Rev. John James Tayler; a scheme of organisation was prepared and circulated, and its careful preamble, too lengthy to quote here, set forth filial piety and brotherly charity as the only possible terms of religious unity.

This attempt to organise the affinities of faith, to lift religion out of its sectarian rut, to find if there be any fellowship of spirit left, made a brave beginning but fell into speedy decline. The death of Mr. Tayler, the departure of Mr. Channing, the opposition of Francis Newman, the lukewarm conviction of the Broad Church Section, the utter inability of many to separate corporate sympathy from personal theology—these all conspired to bring the project to an end. But its memory will stand, and its experiment be repeated.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

Disappointed, but still undismayed, Dr. Martineau went wider afield in his next and last attempt to bring about the realised fellowship of the spirit. It was nothing less than a proposal that the Church of England should be so widened as to include the entire Christian life and thought of the nation, by admitting the great Nonconformist bodies as constituent parts in one united Federal Union, each having its own autonomy and latitude for variety, but all joining in one truly national comprehension, all using the great cathedrals in turn, all having equal right in the eyes of the State. Then would the National Church be national not alone in name. Again there was sympathy, promise, a meeting at the Charterhouse, but the sympathy cooled down, and the difficulties frightened many away, and the idea of comprehenson is at a serious discount to-day. But its day is yet to be.

Why did these later projects come to naught? It is said that Dr. Martineau was too unpractical; is it not we who are too unspiritual? He had the yearning for this union in religion, this communion of the religious spirit; we have it not yet. There is a little of it, but not sufficient to give us his courage, his faith. We count it the noblest excellence in his noble life, that he, a keen theologian, a close, devout student of thought, a master mind, yet consecrated his highest hopes and endeavours and ideals—not to the promotion of his personal doctrines and differences, but to the realisation of those spiritual sympathies, those undenominational outreachings, those eternal experiences which are common to all Christians and all churches, and which constitute the true Communion of Saints. F. K. F.

Notes and Jottings.

The death of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has come with painful suddenness. He has for some years been one of the stalwarts of aggressive Nonconformity, and a most familiar figure both on the platform and in the Press. As the editor of the *Methodist Times* he was a great success, but his name will be associated chiefly with the West London Mission, at St. James' Hall, and the federation of the Evangelical Free Churches. Into these two movements he threw himself with untiring energy, and he succeeded in impressing his own personality, with some of its dogmatic limitations, strongly upon both of them. Upon the Free Church movement we cannot regard his influence as very fortunate. To a large extent it has succeeded in giving prominence to men of a somewhat aggressive

type, and divorcing it from the higher levels of Nonconformist thought.

Doubtless Mr. Price Hughes' death will be regarded, and probably with justice, as the result of over-strain; and the usual homilies will be read to a heedless public about ministerial over-work. In the case of the few men who reach positions of prominence the danger is a very real one. Constant travelling and speaking at large meetings, and endless committees, wear out the strongest constitution. It means living at high tension and in an overcharged atmosphere. But after all the only remedy is to be found in the self-control which refuses to degrade spiritual work to the level of a political campaign. There is a growing tendency in the religious papers to boom certain popular preachers, and to yield to the appetite for crowds, and novelty and sensational advertisement, which is hardly of happy augury for the future. If religion is not to lose itself in surface excitements, it must submit to a stern ordinance of self-control in these directions. "Limit your work," was the advice given to Liddon by Pusey, at the time when, as he tells us, he was in danger of becoming a popular preacher.

Some of the reviews of Dr. Martineau's Life, which have appeared during the past month, contain interesting side-lights upon the growth of liberal thought. It is evidently a little hard for some writers to recognize the fact that Dr. Martineau was a Unitarian, and that the chief interests of his life were within what the world knows as Unitarian circles. The *Christian World*, from which we might have expected better things, finds comfort in the fact that he was not a Unitarian of the ordinary type, and was familiar with the devotional classics of Christendom. He was undoubtedly too great for any sect, and belonged to the Church Universal. None recognize this more gladly than the people who have most right to claim him for their own. But there is something strangely perverse in this attempt to appropriate his spiritual genius for Christendom without running the risk of being asked to look upon his religious associates with more intelligence or sympathy.

The Dean of Ripon has produced a small flutter of excitement by an address delivered at a meeting of Liberal Churchmen in London. He has written to the *Times* to say that his words have not been correctly reported. But in general terms he appears to have spoken of the diminishing evidential value of miracles, almost a common place of modern religious thought, and then to have discussed the accounts of the Miraculous Birth and the Resurrection as affected by modern methods of inquiry. The Bishop of London has gone out of his way to repudiate in public the supposed teaching of the address. He is not a theologian, and has not shown any particular theological capacity, and if he is going to try by strong dogmatic assertions to stifle all liberalism of thought among the clergy of his diocese he will soon find himself fighting against the stars in their courses. Meanwhile, this positiveness of tone in regard to some of the most difficult questions of belief, which is becoming fashionable among a section of the High Church clergy, fosters the "resuscitation of fanaticism," which Canon Henley Henson has described in a recent book as "one of the most curious and melancholy characteristics of our time."

No new book of special importance for liberal religion has come under our notice during the past month. We should, however, like to call attention to the Bishop of Ripon's "Introduction to the Scriptures," which forms a companion volume to the Temple Bible. It is written in a graphic and interesting way, and it deals with the Bible as literature without shirking difficulties. It is very happy in its combination of thought which is liberal without being aggressive; and it succeeds, just where so many similar books fail, in leaving a positive religious impression. It would be an admirable book for a reading-circle, or a religious class, and the shilling which it costs places it within the reach of all readers.

Truths are not the definite, docile things they need to be. The simplest truth has a hundred subtle relations with other things, and opens into deeper forms than our fathers knew.

Christmas Reunions.

Among the recognised chief delights of Christmas are the *réunions* of families which at other seasons of the year are separated many miles asunder by business or pleasure. Such gatherings almost always produce so much pure and unalloyed pleasure, that nine people out of ten who enjoy them are led to sigh at their conclusion: "Why cannot we live nearer together all the year round?" After all, with some sacrifices, it would be practicable to dwell all our lives in the same house or street, or at least in the same county or town, with our dear relatives; and when all is said and done, has life anything much better to offer than the faithful affection of those nearest akin to us in blood? Is the difference of a little more lucrative employment or a little more agreeable residence worth the loss of the happiness of living with those whom we love and who love us? It is enough to "dwell in peace with home affections bound," and there is nothing else which supplies fully the lack of them. How, then, is it that, while Frenchmen, and Italians, and Hindoos, and nearly all the other nations of the world, live together habitually in large family homes, we Englishmen, who are certainly not a whit less attached to our kindred than they, seem to be seized, as soon as ever we grow to manhood, by a centrifugal force which drives us out to seek our permanent abode at a considerable distance from those whom, at the bottom of our hearts, we love best in the world?

There are, of course, a score of explanations for the mystery, the foremost being the desire of independence, ambition, and the peculiar form of our domestic life, wherein each wife and mother demands a separate home in which she can be mistress. It is too much to expect that if three brothers choose to live in one home, their three wives (who are no relations whatever to each other) will have any desire to do the same. There is, however, another, though apparently very minor, obstacle to family harmony, which we strongly suspect has much to do with the difficulty commonly experienced in keeping families together. The very same people who, when they meet for a fortnight at Christmas, are full to overflowing of mutual kindness and confidence, will, if they happen to be detained for six months under the same roof, usually arrive at a state of sentiment, not indeed of positive repulsion or unkindness, but nevertheless exceedingly uncomfortable. And, further, the very same people again, if they chance to be so detained with entire strangers, will pass through the ordeal with perfect ease and pleasure, and at the end prove to have become the life-long friends of their fortuitous associates. The secret is this: Relatives allow themselves to say things to one another which they would never dream of saying to anybody else. Good-breeding is generally supposed to be suspended, or, at least, to have all its laws widely relaxed, in the case of those who have shared the same nursery. The habit—unchecked in childhood—of making personal remarks, rehearsing little mortifying incidents, and proffering unasked and altogether unwelcome counsel, is one which it is very rare to see grown men and women altogether abandon. Sisters continually tell their brothers "a piece of their mind," when they would never dream of offering an equally unpleasant slice of that commodity to any other men. And, as Miss Bremer says, "though Love generally makes us blind to the foibles of its object, Fraternal Affection is wholly exempt from such a weakness," and every brother tells his sister with the utmost candour that her hair is red, her nose a snub, her dress unbecoming, and her touch upon the piano detestable. Uncles and aunts, and also not a few fathers, not only indulge in similar remarks without the least qualm of compassion, but with the doubly exasperating manner which implies that they are performing a lofty duty in extinguishing the smallest spark of vanity perceptible in the young sufferer's demeanour. On their side, nephews and nieces are not slow to convey to their more aged relations their impressions that they are dull old "fogeys," altogether out of the running of life, and holding opinions not worthy of being seriously contradicted. All this is hard enough to bear when people are well and prosperous; but the case becomes well-nigh unendurable when any misfortune, small or great, has befallen us. Then come out the family Job's comforters in greatest force, maddening us with reminiscences of their warnings, and exhorting us with the air of people who have never done a wrong or silly thing in their lives, and can afford to

talk "in conscious virtue bold." Have we merely caught a cold? Our aunt reminds us that we *would* go to that party last Wednesday, though she warned us we were not well, and ought to have stopped at home and taken her homœopathic globules. Have we bought a horse with a spavin? Our dear brother observes that we never asked his advice, or he could have told us that the brute was worth only sending to the knackers. Have we lost a considerable sum of money in a bad investment? The whole family circle joins in a howl over "dabbling in stocks and shares," "acting without proper advice," and "following obstinately our own judgment." Of course, it is not in human nature to be whipped on a sore place in this manner without growing restive. The person who says to us, "I told you so," "I always said you would do some thing of the kind," "I hope you remember now the warning I gave you," is at the momeut quite the worst enemy we have in the world; and we may be congratulated on a great display of Christian patience and sweetness if we refrain from turning on him, or her, with a snarl. Worst of all is the inhuman being who, while we are groaning over our trouble, takes on himself to say with ineffable solemnity and impressiveness, "Let this be a lesson to you! I hope you will take warning by this example!" After receiving that last rasp, there is nothing for it but to flee the spot, and go somewhere far from anybody who has a right to tell us that anything ought to be a lesson to us.

We are firmly persuaded that if those *bienséances* or courtesies, which La Rochefoucauld says are the smallest of moral laws but the most religiously observed, were brought to bear as strictly on the intercourse of relations as on those of mere acquaintances, there would immediately be felt a great relief from a vague but very real kind of suffering, caused by mutual rubbing and roughness, and consequently a greatly increased inclination to draw closer the natural ties of kinship. At the bottom of our hearts, we not only love, but really honour our own brothers and sisters more than any other human beings, and would be justly incensed at any stranger presuming to treat them discourteously. Why on earth, then, cannot we learn to display to them all that gentle deference, that careful consideration of their feelings, and that sensitive tact, which constitute the great charm of social intercourse among well-bred people?

F. P. Cobbe.

Guild News.

The National Conference Guilds Union.—We have much pleasure in calling attention to the following Prize Essay Scheme, just issued by the Committee of the Union:—"In view of the desirability of promoting among the members of our Guilds study of the literature, movements, and principles bearing on the culture of the religious life, the development of religious thought, and the growth of our Free Churches, it is proposed to establish a system of Prize Essays on topics announced from time to time by the Guilds Union Committee, and competed for annually, or at other intervals, by members of Guilds affiliated to the Union. The first series of prizes will be awarded for essays sent in before March 31st, 1903. The Committee have selected the following subjects, either or all of which may be taken up by any member of a Guild in connection with the Union:—1. The Story of St. Paul. (See 'Life and Travels of St. Paul' (*National Society*, 2d.); Stalker's 'Life of St. Paul' (*T. and T. Clark*), 1s., chapters 3, 5, 6, 9, 10. Also Maclear's Class Book of N. T. History (*Macmillan*), part 2). 2. Richard Baxter. (See B. Herford's "Story of Religion in England," chapter xxv.; A. Gordon's "Heads of English Unitarian History," pp. 55-101; Dict. National Biography, article Baxter). 3. Hymns and Hymn-writers of the 19th Century. (See Campbell's "Hymns and Hymn Makers," 1s. 6d. *A. and C. Black*. V. Davies' "Twelve Hymns," etc. *P. Green*). Six prizes will be offered in each subject of the value of £1, 15s., 10s., and three of 5s. respectively. The prizes will be given in books selected by the successful writers and approved by the Committee. The following conditions must be observed:—1. The essays must be written on one side of each page only. 2. Any assistance may be given in preparation, but the essay itself must be the sole work of the candidate and in his own handwriting, and should not exceed 4000 words in length nor contain less than 1500. 3. Eash essay must have the writer's name, age, and address, with the name of the Guild to which he belongs inscribed on the back of the last page, and must also be certified by the Secretary or President of the local Guild as the *bonâ-fide* work of the sender. 4. Essays must be sent in to the Secretary of the Guilds Union, Rev. John Ellis, Mansford Street, Bethnal Green, London, E., by not later than March 31st, 1903. Examiners in each subject will be appointed by the Committee, and the results will be declared at the Annual Meeting of the Guilds Union in Liverpool during the National Conference week. It is recom-

mended that where possible classes for the study of these subjects be conducted by some competent person. It will be found helpful to supplement the suggested text-books by oral instruction. It is not intended in the Life of St. Paul that his Epistles should be discussed." We hope a large number of our young people will study for these prizes. The subjects are of great interest, and it will be seen that the prizes are of considerable value.

TAVISTOCK.—The Guild here has been revived, and we have received a very thoughtful address given at the opening meeting by the Rev. J. Barron, who noticing complaints of the dulness of certain Guild meetings, gives a word of warning many need. "If the meetings are dull, it is a good thing for each to blame himself. What was *I* doing that the meeting was so dull to-night? If each brought with him a store of determination that the meeting should be a pleasant one, it would be so, whatever the subject-matter of the address might be. A member coming into the meeting with kindly thoughts and a real desire to encourage the work radiates a happy magnetic influence, and the whole meeting is thereby benefited. That is one of the privileges of membership."

LONDON.—The Guilds in London have decided to join together in a local Union. At a recent meeting at Essex Church a draft constitution was discussed by the delegates present. This was referred to the Guilds for fuller consideration, and will be brought up at a general meeting to be held in January.

NORWICH.—An enthusiastic meeting of young people was held on Thursday, Oct. 30th, to inaugurate a Guild of Service. The chair was taken by the Rev. Alfred Hall, who, after a hymn and prayer, gave a short address on "The Guild Idea and Work." The chief objects, he said, were to foster the religious life and to inspire personal service. The natural and only link between the Sunday School and the church were the young people, and it was no light duty for them to bridge the gulf which often yawned between these two institutions. He then gave a few instances of the philanthropic work the Guild could undertake. A resolution was passed, on the motion of Mr. Prime, that those present should form themselves into a Guild, which should be called the Octagon Chapel Guild of Service. The motto of the Guild should be "Look outward, not inward; look upward, not downward; look forward, not backward; and lend a hand." It was resolved that meetings should be held fortnightly. All present, numbering 40, enrolled themselves as the first members. New members will be added by election after having been proposed and seconded. Several sub-sections for carrying out certain work will be formed under the Guild, which will thus become an active philanthropic arm of the church. At the second meeting the number of members was brought up to 58.

News from the Field.

From all parts of our Field we hear the sounds of activity. In the *Midlands* in many of the churches week evening special services are being held, arranged by the *Rev. A. A. Charlesworth*, and carried out by him and all the ministers of the district. Everyone is helping, and a real spirit of earnestness is being manifested. The attendance at these week meeting services is encouraging.

From North to South the workers are busy.

It is pleasing to know that *Mr. Stopford Brooke* is getting good congregations in London. London work will revive in his hands.

A right good welcome has been given to the *Rev. J. H. Wicksteed* at the commencement of his missionary work in *London*.

Welcomes are in the air. *Upperthorpe* has welcomed *Mr. Dolphin; Whitchurch, Mr. C. D. Badland; Halifax, Mr. Richards* as assistant to Mr. Millson; and *Colne, Mr. Rob McGee*, who has come to us with the highest credentials from the Congregational body. Other welcomes are near at hand.

Since our last issue *Mr. Gow* has entered upon his fine field of work at *Hampstead; Mr. C. A. Giniver* at *Stepney; Mr. Shelley* at *Cradley;* and *Mr. Miskinnion*, of *Raloo*, goes to *Glenarm*.

Some of our various Associations have been busy. The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association* has summoned its Council together and given a good and cheering report, and now it makes its appeal for help in order that it may be more helpful to struggling causes all over the country.

The *Manchester Association* is vigorously carrying out its programme of visiting its Associated Churches. It has been to *Oldham* and to *Oldham Road, Manchester*, in both cases with beneficial results.

The *North Midlanders* had a good time at *Chesterfield*, when *Messrs. Dean* and *W. H. Drummond* conducted the service.

No doubt we shall soon hear of activities in other parts of our Field.

Two resignations of ministers are announced. *Mr. Sydney H. Street* will leave the *Peak District* in March, and, unhappily, *Mr. Kirkman Gray* has had to give up his mission work on account of ill-health. We hope both these men will soon be in new spheres of work where they can profitably carry on their ministry.

We note, with pleasure, that the indefatigable minister at *Aberdeen* has secured a generous gift of *£200* from *Mr. Carnegie* for a new organ in his new church.

And it is also to be noted that *Mr. Frank Taylor*, whose loss we are all deploring, has left the substantial sum of £1000 to *Unity Church, Bolton*, with which he was so intimately associated. He sets an example which might well be followed.

The Colleges have begun their work again. The *Principals* of the *H.M.C.* and *Manchester College, Oxford*, have delivered fine inaugural addresses, *Mr. Gordon* on "The History of our Nonconformist Academies," and *Dr. Drummond* on "The Art of Criticism in Matters of Theology." Both deserve careful study.

Professor *Carpenter* is doing good work at *Swansea* and *Manchester* by the delivery of his valuable and learned lectures. The simplicity of his style and manner, combined with the wideness of his outlook and the thoroughness of his scholarship, arrest and enchain attention, and cannot help but be fruitful in good results.

Citizen Sunday in *London* was very generally observed in our Free Churches, and the pulpits spoke out with courage and wisdom.

The issue of the "Life of James Martineau" has called general attention to the wide-spread influence of that great man. The biographers rightly keep themselves in the background whenever they can, and let the great thinker speak for himself. The study of the growth of Martineau's mind, of his emergence from the Priestleyan to a grand Spiritual Philosophy, and of his passage from a Scriptural and Miraculously attested Christianity to an inspiring and lofty Theism enchains the attention of the readers of the book, and the man emerges strong, progressive, courageous, and saintly.

Great sorrow is felt for the sickness which has visited *R. A. Armstrong*. He has been trying to do too much work, and the work is of a nature which makes an undue strain upon his high-strung personality. He must pause and hold his strong enthusiasm in check, or he will fail to do the good work on which he has set his heart.

We have to record that more of our workers have passed on to the higher sphere. There are natural sorrows for those who are left behind, but these good men have entered into the joy of their Lord. *William Roberts*, long time our missionary in *Madras; Professor Evans*, at a ripe age of more than 90 years, after a protracted ministry and a Hebrew Professorship at *Carmarthen; Francis Revitt*, who laid down his burden at *Lincoln;* a noble layman like *J. A. Binns*, of *Bradford;* and *Francis Harland*, of *Manchester*—these, and such as these, we thank God, have lived and laboured among us, and have left behind them a fragrant memory.

SCRUTATOR.

November 18th, 1902.

Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion over-soon assumed,—
Of adding up too soon.

CLOUGH.

Seed Corn.

Life is made up of infinitesimals.

The amount of harvest is always proportioned to the seed sower.

The love for God by the soul is a genuinely creative social force.

The hearts of men are more than a match for their false and cruel theological systems.

If things are ever to move upward, some one must be ready to take the first step, and assume the risk of it.

Patience is of two kinds, active and passive, masculine and feminine. The perfect character unites them both.

Love is its own perennial fount of strength. It feeds on itself. Love and your reward is the power to go on loving.

Let us not be sighing for the tender grace of a day that is dead, rather let us look forward to the grace of day not yet born.

It is not possible to be quite as mean as we usually are when we have kept company for an hour with the great saints of Christendom.

Youth is good because it is the time of spring,
Manhood is better because it is a riper thing;
Old age is better because its harvests gladness bring.

If you compute the sum of happiness in any given day you will find that it was composed of small attentions, kind looks, cheering words, little things, which taken one by one count not for much, but which taken together make a pearl of great price.

There are people who would do great acts; but because they wait for great opportunities life passes, and the acts of love are never done at all. Opportunities for doing great things are seldom; but every day little things may be done in a great spirit.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Donkey in the Cart and the Horse in the Carriage.

I.

I say! hey! cousin there! I mustn't call you brother!
But you've got a tail behind you, and I've got another;
You pull, and I pull, though we don't pull together;
And if you have less hardship, I have more weather.

II.

Your legs are long, mine are short; I am lean, you are fatter;
Your step is bold and free, mine goes pitter-patter;
Your head is in the air, and mine hangs down like lead—
But then my two great ears are so heavy on my head!

III.

You need not whisk your tail, nor turn away your nose;
Poor donkeys ain't so stupid as rich horses may suppose!
I could feed in any manger just as well as you—
Though I don't despise a thistle with sauce of dust and dew.

IV.

T'other day a bishop's cob stopped beside me in a lane,
With a tail as broad as oil-cake, and a close-clipped hoggy mane;
I stood sideways to the hedge, but he did not want to pass,
And he was so full of corn he did not care about the grass.

V.

Quoth the cob, "You're a donkey of a most peculiar breed!
You've just eaten up a thistle that was going fast to seed!
If you had but saved and sown the seeds, you might have had a crop;
There's not another near you, and now you have to stop!"

VI.

I told him I was hungry—not another thistle near;
I used the thing I had—for the rest had little fear.
Said the cob, "I ought to know what counsel is the best;
I have more to eat than you, and longer time to rest.

VII.

"Why don't you take it easy? You are working much too hard!
Retire, retire, I pray you—it is quite upon the card.
Have pity on your friends: you think your work delectable!
But believe me—such a cart—excuse me—'s not respectable."

VIII.

Said I, "I thank you for your counsel; I think I'd take it really,
If you'd spare me half a feed out of your four feeds daily."
He tossed his head at that: "Now don't be cheeky!" said he;
"When I am very fat, I'll think of you: keep steady."

IX.

Good-bye, good-bye! I see that you are just such another!
Why, now I look at you, you are his very brother!
Yes, thank you for your kick; it was all that you could spare!
For to be sure they clip and singe you very, very bare.

X.

Good-bye! for I must trot along 'twixt the shafts where I am put,
Nor look round to see my cart, but set foremost my best foot.
My cart *is* rather rickety, and the axle sore wants oil;
But I always rest at night with the rest that comes of toil.

XI.

And perhaps you would not think it, but in my cart behind
There's neither dirt nor rubbish, nor bags of gold or wind;
But there's water and there's wine, and corn and mustard-seed,
And a good can of milk, and some honey too, indeed.

XII.

"That's all very fine—to wag your ears and parley,
Pretending to despise my bellyfuls of barley!
But what with blows and starving, and labour overhard,
As sure as spurs we'll see you soon down in the knacker's yard!"

XIII.

Few blows—a little hay—and of water many a draught!
I tell you he's no coster that sits upon my shaft!
And for the knacker's yard—that's not my destined bed!
Please let me know when next you see a donkey lying dead.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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